



## IN THE COOL OF THE DAY.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

HERE in this sheltered wayside will I stay,  
To look upon this fair place ere I go ;  
And sweeter rest where winds harmonious stray  
With just enough of strength to whisper low,  
To sway the feathered thistle balls that pass,  
And lift faint odours from the meadow grass.

Upon the brook clouds come and drift away,  
And in reflected blue a hammer swings ;  
He flicks his tail to show his gold and gray,  
And at his image in the water sings :  
A coloured flash ! a moment gone, then he  
Is glinting far off in another tree.

All things around recall the purer days  
That we have gathered from the troubled years ;  
Unto our lips come lines of old world lays,  
That oft have soothed our fortune and our fears—  
Quaint simple songs by poets put together,  
Under the forest trees in sunny weather.

How happy are they who, in full content,  
 Can pass an evening at a cottage door,  
 Near garden herbs and trees with apples bent,  
 And streaming sun upon the sanded floor ;  
 Who do not wish the light of day to pass  
 That they may seek the city and its gas.

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SONNET.\*

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

UPON the threshold of another year  
 Let me shake off the clinging mire of sin,  
 And with a reverent feeling enter in,  
 Thoughtful as if my final hour were near ;  
 And let me supplicate for light to cheer  
 My darkling soul, that stumbles through the gloom  
 Which shrouds the uncertain pathway to the tomb,  
 The end of all our strife and struggle here.  
 True aspirations towards the good should clear  
 My grief beclouded mind ; good thoughts should bring  
 The power to do a good and holy thing,  
 And make me strenuous, stedfast, and sincere ;  
 Good deeds should help me o'er the rugged way  
 To a diviner realm. Let me begin to-day.




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\*A lady Correspondent has kindly given permission for the publication of this sonnet—the lines were dedicated by the great poet to herself, and the original M.S. is in her possession.—ED.

“NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.”

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

CHAPTER V.

“As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art;  
Hark, hear in the distance  
The beat of my heart!”

*Lord Lytton.*

EARLY morning at The Woodlands. The various members of the family have but just risen from breakfast and dispersed to their several occupations—Mr. Eiloart to his library, where he is lounging contentedly in his favourite easy-chair, deeply interested in the perusal of the day's *Times*; his wife to her household divinities and the numerous cares and duties which their preservation entails; and Muriel?—We shall find her kneeling at the open casement in her chamber, the sunbeams which are glinting and glistening on her white robes and radiant upturned face finding fair reflection in the depths of her joy-speaking eyes, while the fresh breeze blowing in from the uplands is lifting the clustering curls from her brow and fluttering the leaves of an open letter which she holds tightly in her hand, as though fearful that some unseen presence is lurking near to snatch the new-found joy from her eager grasping.

An unspeakable bliss has come to Muriel Eiloart, a wonderful balm for the healing of her sadness and despondency, for the characters which she is tracing were penned by her true-hearted lover Harold Averyl, and the words which they delineate are his welcome long-expected words telling of love and happiness and swift returning.

Years in their coming and departing bring us all many sorrows and many joyful reactions. There is the gratitude which we cannot fail to feel on the recovery of a loved one after days of dangerous sickness, and of suspense to the anxious

watchers : there is the renewal of hope and vigour which an influx of wealth will bring to the empty-handed : there is the genial welcome at the home-coming after tedious time of travel and of sojourn amongst strangers : there is the upshooting of the flame of fame, the thrilling pæns of the multitude succeeding the lagging days and nights of an author's toil and yearning : there is the soothing influence of frank sympathy and friendship following the falling away of one in whom we had placed firm trust : but what are these or any other great joy-times in comparison with the moment when faith in the being best beloved, notwithstanding adverse appearances, is rewarded by the certainty of his or her truth and fixed affection, when the waves of doubt which *would* (mocking at resistant barriers) sometimes intrude on our fair island of belief are driven back for ever, merged in the mighty ocean of a strong love's requitement and realization.

It was a lover's long letter which Muriel held so closely—one in which Harold detailed the events of the past months, only omitting mention of his cousin's name and crime, one too in which the pent up affection of his heart was poured forth for her whom he had chosen, while upon each page glowed the halo of hope for the dawning of a glorious future, when these twain so long-time severed should be all in all to one another, united in life and heart and soul by bonds which know no breaking.

"My love for you, and my trust in your truth and constancy, sweet Muriel, have been unswerving throughout these weary months : while the hope of our reunion has been my sustenance in pain and hunger and bitterness of banishment. The words with which we were betrothed in God's sight, and which were witnessed by His solemn many-voiced Creation the great Sea, have haunted me sleeping and waking, with their subtle meaning and melody, proving my comforters amid the cruel inanition of confinement and the threatening of greedy overwhelming billows clamouring together for the accomplishment of my destruction. You are mine Muriel by the sacred ties of love once lavished which can know no recallment. You are mine by all our whispered hopes of earthly happiness, and of the eternity of bliss which we shall pass together. My greatest joy would be to spend and to be spent for you, my chiefest hope is to hold you to my heart knowing that there can come no intervening trouble of separation, that Death himself shall have no further power to part two spirits that He who is Death's Conqueror hath pronounced to be but one."

Thus Muriel read and re-read her letter, repeating the precious words softly to herself as though they were living things to



cherish, while the light in her eyes deepened and grew brighter, and the smile upon her lips caught richer radiance from the sunlight which was shed within.

“And in a few days he will be here,” she said, turning once more to the page which told of Harold’s arrival at the distant seaport town whose post-mark the envelope which contained her treasure bore—“In a few days I shall look up into his face and listen to his voice again, I who had feared that the Angels were his companions and the Heavens his home. How merrily the birds are singing as though for new-born joy, while the sunbeams smile upon me, and the whole earth seems clad in bridal robes of rare rejoicing—for Harold is coming home, my Harold.”

After this there was silence in the little white-draped chamber for awhile, for Muriel, with her head resting against the low window seat, had given herself up to pleasant castle-building and to portrait-painting of the castle’s prince.

There is something in a maiden’s first love-dream which is nigh of kin to the purity of Heaven—a noble hearted, disinterested, loyal dream it is, totally free from the selfish considerations which influence the dreaming and the scheming of her suitors, unsullied by the slightest taint of evil, or the suspicion of aught which belongs not to the modest imaginings and innocence of maidenhood. Possibly there are no dreams so intermixed with Angel-whisperings as those of a maiden who has found her heart’s ideal, unless indeed it be the dreaming of a little child cradled peacefully upon its mother’s breast, or the glowing vision of the poet when on wings of faith and inspiration he has soared within the sacred precincts of heaven itself.

Build up your fairy castles while you may sweet Maidenhood, unreasoning Infancy, and noble-minded Bard!—for the waves of coming circumstances are surging onward for the besieging of your boasted fabric, and the sands of time are falling away beneath your feet into the vast and ever swelling sea of periods passed and perished.

To every dream there cometh an awaking ;  
To every hope, and vision of desire,  
Succeeds the sorrow when the passion slaking  
Yields but fresh fuel for the dreamer’s fire.

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Over the hills which form a pleasant protecting cradle for the tiny village of Ulverston, past the precipice from the summit of which his cousin's coward hand had struck him, and down the well-remembered pathway which led toward The Woodlands came Harold Averyl. Grateful for his timely rescue from the jaws of the great Deep, and light of heart and hopeful although Fortune had striven so hardly with him, the young man hastened onward whistling a merry love-lay, hastened to the welcome which he knew awaited him from the lips of his affianced bride.

"Is Miss Eiloart at home?"

"No, Sir—Miss Eiloart went out some time since."

"Which direction did she take? The path through the fields to the shore?"

"She always goes that way I believe, Sir," replied the man who had appeared in answer to Harold's summons, eyeing his visitor curiously and hesitating as to whether he should vouchsafe further information without query. However, before he had made up his mind on the matter, the young man, impatient of delay, had turned away from the door saying that he would go in search of his young mistress, and, having descended the broad flight of steps, was rapidly retracing his way down the spacious avenue of giant limes which led to the gates.

"Now I wonder if I ought to have told him that my little lady had a companion," muttered the perplexed domestic as he watched the visitor's progress—"Lovers don't like to be interrupted in their quiet walks, and Mr. George was particularly anxious not to be disturbed when he was with Miss Eiloart, "But there," he added, slamming the door and going back to his duties below stairs, "who could have told that the young gent would start off at a tangent like that? Besides after all he may not be able to find them, for the shore is a big place and lovers generally choose some quiet out of the way nook where it would require the patience of Job himself to seek them out and to bring them home."

"I shall find her at the old stile where we so often met, or seated on one of the boulders watching the tiny wavelets ripple to her feet," said Harold to himself, in a tone which told of the joy

which was throbbing with each heart-pulse.—“I am glad she was not at home, as this meeting will be far pleasanter, and there can now be no fear of interruption.”

So through the bare fields from whence the wealth of golden corn had long since been harvested, and the woods where but a few months ago luxuriant leaf-clusters had waved o’erhead and an abundant undergrowth of flower and fern and wildingtangled greenery had striven to arrest the footsteps of the lovers, where soft carpeting of moss had lured them silently to linger, where o’er-burdened nut trees had temptingly offered them their fruitage, while the voice of a tiny streamlet rippling through the valley from the upland had added its melodious entreaties to the silent beseechings of its brethren, through this paradise which seemed of love’s own planting, hastened Harold Averyl, wondering at the change which everywhere met his glance, marvelling at the bare leaf-divested aspect of the trees, the weird moaning of the breezes ’mong the branches, the hoarse murmur of the autumn-chilled stream, and the desolation which covered the earth as with a cloak of sackcloth.

“Muriel must have wandered down to the shore,” thought the young man when he emerged at last into the open space and felt the sea-wind in his face.—“I will descend the pathway noiselessly and surprise her. No doubt she is dreaming of the past, or trying to read the mystery of the yet sealed future with love-lit eyes and joy-expectant heart.”

At this moment the sound of a man’s voice raised in passionate threatening or entreaty, a voice well-known, arrested Harold’s progress. Breathlessly he listened to the clearly spoken words, wondering, with a vague sense of impending evil at his heart, who could be George Averyl’s companion in that lonely spot that he should dare to speak in tones of such sure authority.

*(To be Continued.)*





## VOX CLAMANTIS.

BY WERTHER.

SHIPS sail over the main with jewels and spices,  
And bring the sound of trouble and joy from afar :  
But of Love's bright gold none knoweth how great the price is,  
None seeth his face, more splendid than sun or star.

Stars in the sterile sky shine fair in the far night,  
Sunrise fair in the morn to lighten the earth ;  
But sweeter is Love than glimmer of sun or of starlight,  
And gay are his lips and filled with a careless mirth.

Mirth and music and song and gladness and laughter  
From the lips of Love are scattered like April rain ;  
We knew him of old as a god : and we know hereafter  
His light shall shine on our dying eyes again ;

Again, when the storm-wind and wailing are heard no longer,  
When the bitter and barren flower of life is dead,  
When Faith and Hope is fresh in our midst, and stronger  
Than the sun that arises purple and golden and red.

Red shall his lips be then as of old in the past time,  
White shall his hands be, unstained with sorrow and strife :  
We shall see him again ; but not as we saw him the last time,  
When his hands and his lips were red with the blood of our life.

Life, thou art fair. Let Love come again with the sunlight,  
And shame and sorrow and sin decay at his breath, [light  
When the lights that are many shall dwindle and blind in the one  
That shines on our souls and solves the shadow of death.



DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

By S. E. DISTIN.

**M**OTHER, sit beside my couch and place your hand in mine;  
Days and hours will soon be numbered that see our  
fingers twine;

Now draw the curtain back mother, and throw the lattice wide—  
Like some soft whispered prayer is the hush of the waning tide.

Where sky and ocean meet sinks the crimson sun to rest,  
The very gate of Paradise seems now the far off West,  
And ebbing like the tide, mother, is this frail life of mine—  
All earthly love so fair and false shall yield to love Divine.

Too soon to die? ah no! I've drained the nectar draught  
Of life and love and happiness; but erst my lips had quaffed  
The wine of youth's o'erbrimming cup, the sparkle died away,  
My golden dreams all vanished like mist in the sun's hot ray.

I loved him wildly, madly, with passion few can know—  
With a love it is destruction to dower one below;—  
I kissed the turf his foot had pressed, I lived but by his side,  
The dearest wish my heart could frame to be his own, his bride.

Then came the awaking, when I found mine idol clay,  
When the shrine at which I knelt turned to ashes and decay;—  
I dared not raise my burning eyes in pray'r to heaven above,  
I sacrificed religion on the altar of my love.

Oh! the long and dreary days I battled with my grief;  
The scalding tears of bitterness that still brought no relief;  
I staked my youth and womanhood on one delusive die—  
My loving heart I gave for dross; truth for a gilded lie.

Oh! mother, looking back on my life as on a dream  
I see that I was drifting down a bright but shallow stream;  
From eyes, by death made clear and strong, the veil is torn aside  
I bless the Hand that rescued me from off the fatal tide.

Within that ancient casket ('twill soon be mine no more) [E]  
 There lies a tiny jewelled cross, his gift in days of yore  
 And a wreath of faded roses he wove with eastern skill,  
 Tho' long ago they withered there's a breath of fragrance still.

The cross, that earthly symbol, I leave beside the sod—  
 It shall mingle with the clay while the spirit soars to God :  
 And when the gates of Paradise in welcome wide are thrown  
 May my path with no dead roses, but amaranth, be strown.

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### SONG.

BY RENNELL RODD.

I REMEMBER low on the water  
 They hung from the dripping moss,  
 In the broken shrine of some stream-god's daughter,  
 Where the North and the South roads cross ;  
 And I plucked some sprays for my love to wear,  
 Some tangled sprays of the maidenhair.

So you went North with the swallow,  
 Away from the Southern shore ;  
 And the summers pass, and the winters follow,  
 And the years, but you come no more :  
 You have roses now in your breast to wear,  
 And you have forgotten the maidenhair.

And lost is the sound of laughter,  
 With the songs that we used to sing ;  
 And to dream of these in the years long after  
 May seem but a foolish thing :  
 But I know to me they are always fair,  
 The sprays I kept of the maidenhair.

## A POET'S PREFACE TO HIS FIRST VOLUME.

(To ELSIE LENORE L——)

"The unquiet feelings which first woke  
 Song in the world, will seek what then they sought.  
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke,  
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought  
 Dash into Poetry—which is but a passion—  
 Or at least was so, ere it grew a fashion."

*Byron.*

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs."

*Shakespeare.*

SURELY I think these graven groans of mine  
 Will reach unto the hearing of thy soul  
 Something at least before the boughs consign  
 Sad summer'd treasures to their grassy goal,  
 Or while the male bee yet basks in the shine  
 On the late-blowing ivy ; and since the scroll  
 Is mutely enigmatical—I write  
 These verses ; take them as the opening light

Of four black fetter'd years. When from the bliss  
 Of thy bright beauty and thy blessed love  
 Darkling I brake, and all to shut the abyss  
 That mouth'd beside us thundering my remove,  
 Then by thy memory, by that sad kiss—  
 The last—by thy most gentle will, I drove—  
 Nay, I had set to drive thro' Mammon's field  
 My plough, for not the stubborn waste would yield,

Or the tool fail'd, was broken, was undone,  
 And grief and I are singing, dear, to thee.  
 This after years. When the first Autumn sun  
 Looked from his low ecliptic, and the tree  
 Wept in the wold, then had the wanderer gone  
 In crazy craft, and over many a sea  
 Seeking for haven. Under Sunless skies,  
 Under murk moonless nights, with agonies

I battled ; and I buffeted the billow  
Aidless, unpiloted ;—had'st thou been there  
The horrid surge had smooth'd a serene pillow  
For the tired wind, and all would have been fair—  
I am too sad for flowers ; let the dull willow  
Wave, or the cypress, and the mound lie bare,—  
Angel, renounce the dust thou can'st not save ;  
Nor strow thy orange blossom on a grave.

And where I touch'd on land the desolate shore  
Served but to mock my willing weary feet :  
And when at last I linger'd with the boor  
In his lone hamlet, laughing at defeat,  
Restless by day, waking by night, to pore  
On knowledge, how the mournful moments fleet  
And short, that grudging labour lent in vain  
Tortured my barren heart and burning brain.

There was a bank with mosses overwrought,  
And when the star-twins twinkled in the height,  
And daisy lids and cowslips all were shut,  
Thither I wander'd in the waning light,  
And leaning there alone, raptures of thought—  
Thought that would die in language—rode the night  
And whirl'd me far beyond the starry skies—  
For I was with thee in a Paradise.

Those hours were sweet, and lighten'd the dull days  
That were most hardly borne, but even there  
I felt thy glory steal from the star rays,  
I heard thy benison in the whispering air,  
I saw thee beautiful in the sunblaze,  
I loved thee—and I love thee—everywhere ;  
When loveless sounds from silence all were flown  
Then silence murmur'd music all thine own.

I hear thee ask, "Where, what was the abyss,  
And why the wanderer ? When I bid you stay  
Or tell me why you shatter'd our short bliss,  
Stole from your lips, for love I go away,



To build a home for Elsie ;—and is this,  
Is this the promised end ? alas the day !  
Why linger my fain soul thro' long years past  
With hope,—and all to crush it at this last ? ”

Seek not the knowing ; thou hast loved a dream,  
Wake and be happy ; wake to dream no more :  
So shall I slumber well, and not my name  
Be burnt across thy sacred heart to pour  
The urnless ashes of a blasted fame  
Down on thy shrouded head with every store  
Of its dark memories ; die they as born :  
Fair was the dream : fair be the wakening morn.

Why did I lead thee along four dark years  
With the fair light of hope—that love should die,  
Die a long gentle death, unsoil'd by tears,  
That months should heap dull mounds on memory,  
That time should lay with tenderness thy fears  
Safe in the sod where with still bones did lie  
Name, blame, and all :—but hope had never died :  
A thousand chances tarry to be tried,

But a false frailty antedates their doom.  
Health might return from Hades, Heaven be mild,  
Mammon be kindly, and the curse limp home—  
Ah no ! unless by many years beguiled,  
Years that would help me to my own hard tomb  
And feast on thy fresh loveliness, fair child ;  
Be to me only as in days that were—  
My hope, my love, my sorrow, my despair.

Friend of my weary soul, leave me, divide :  
Thou art too fair to mate with Misery ;  
I will not have an angel for a bride—  
Not here, not here ! I'll love a dream like thee,  
Until I shape thee ever by my side,  
Yea, close as my thin shadow thou shalt be :  
It is enough ; I thank thee for the dream,  
And of this love forget the loveless theme.

I heard a whisper from the times to come,—  
“ Link not that splendid form with sickly thine,  
Look, look beyond that living martyrdom,  
Here, only here, shall perfect love begin ;  
Leave the crass passion dead behind the tomb  
Embrace the dawning of a love divine :—”  
Thy angel spoke ; if thou wilt wait for me,  
There in soft slumber I will wait for thee.

And when the birds are glad, and the fresh flowers  
Sparkle from the sweet earth, and fancies light  
With swallow pinions chase the delicate hours  
I will come sometimes to thy rest at night,  
And melt my phantom soul in true-love showers,  
Shall make thy dreams all splendour and delight,  
Or thou shalt come, dear, like the moon that shone  
Over the slumbering Endymion.

Still would'st thou glean a little, take this glance  
Of words whose baleful ink was brew'd from tears—  
There was a curse like death : there was a chance  
Fateful as any grave. The yearning years  
Brought ruptures, coffins, and a rich advance  
On mine—that grimly catalogue of cares—  
(For thou art mindful I had shaken hands  
With fortune from my bitter swathing bands).

I strove with stars. But let me wander on  
Yet further thro' the dim disastrous days :—  
The hamlet held my sadness till the sun  
Drove through the Gemini with waxing blaze  
Twice, and the weary while I had begun  
Fairly, the promised end. But human ways  
Are not the ways of God ; the two years closed  
All gates on earth, and hope in Heaven reposed.

Health, the hard means of life, advancement, fame,  
Started a wing to happiness and thee :—  
Oh think ! that earliest prayer, that latest dream,  
That thy most treasured wish was lost to me.

Who wrote Upharsin ? but the loftiest aim  
That country parsonage, that poetry  
Of life past like a death-doom : and the woe  
Will strike thee near :—nay, give me all the blow.

Yet list a sorrow, for I never tread  
The sacred aisles, and never with the rest  
Bend the still knee and bow the prayerful head  
In fabrics where the very stones are blest ;  
And soul-Shekinahs sightless glory shed  
Where the pleased deity enclouds the breast,  
While this dim soul, far from the blest abode  
Opens a lonely grief to a lone God.

The lambs were happy when I made for Town :  
There I have push'd the uttermost and there  
The uttermost would fail ; a sicklier frown  
Fretted the brow of Fortune never fair.  
Fred, who was also trying on a gown  
Now trends into the story : but I fear  
This must be tedious, Elsie, " very dry "  
As our love-letters laugh'd in bliss gone by.

My Town abode was briefer than the year :  
It seemed a winter with but one spring day,  
The day Fred wander'd with me to that bier  
Of dead unburied hopes, far, far away  
By thee. The lark unseen in the soft air  
Sent down his soul in music ; time was May.  
I saw thee, heard thee, thought of Heaven again.  
I left ; Hell yawn'd ; I enter'd doubly slain.

But if so fare that patience is not tired  
Of living with thee, and thou readest on,  
The nearest ditty dismal hath conspired  
To sing to thee with feeble faultful tone  
Of that rare " Goose-hunt : " after which, retired  
To Town again, the past, the future gone—  
Saving to serve as bitter bread for thought—  
Then and then first, to borrow breath, I wrote.

I wrote of thee. Needeth it then to say  
The hazard of the pen was poetry ?  
My thoughts were thine, nor any thought could stray  
From thee, thou fountain of fresh harmony,  
But had been dipt in music, ere away  
On wings of melodies it flew to me ;  
And if so sadly tuned in mortal tone—  
Alas, the mortal tuning was my own.

Long years ago my promise was to write  
In measured words the story of our love ;  
How often did a callow muse delight  
In doggrel canzonets that interwove,  
Something of Elsie : with an earlier flight  
Soon as she well could muse my lady clove  
The heaven of the boy : now sadly see  
Drugs for despair, no " last infirmity."

To all they must be crude—but " sentimental "  
Only to such as smother natural art  
With artifice :—who faileth to content all  
Shall sing his best to satisfy the part.  
Ye who regard these lines with looks ungentle,  
Dissecting Love, benumbing the quick heart,  
Learn,—if the text, alas ! be not too common—  
Learn to be angels—learn by being human.

Man mocks the sorrow that hath spared to sting—  
Who will believe the wolf that never bites ?  
But thou wilt take what sadness tries to sing,  
Or if it only tries, what sadness writes :  
They say the sweetest birds have dullest wing  
And the lorn nightingale sings best at nights,  
And this I count a truth—that mortal woe  
Is the one fount whence mortal pleasures flow.

Quite so ! thy love-lorn is no nightingale—  
Pardon him, pardon him who thought to say  
He had forsooth as dolorous a tale  
As the dark bird that grieves the night away,



That the mere darkness mellows her rich wail,  
A missing charm in throats that warble day,  
That the dull dirge at least which sounds from sadness  
Rings truer than the borrow'd plaint of gladness.

But man has wander'd from old Nature wide  
As East from Occident ; the songster then  
Hatch'd in the West must move with wing well plied  
Eastward, or ever unremark'd remain :  
Nature may furnish talent naught beside :  
Art only gives the well accorded strain ;  
But the mere pencraft proves the artisan,  
For language is not native to the man.

Given poetic instinct—gift possest  
By most or many in a due degree—  
The abstract of the song bird—all the rest  
Is Art ; parcel inherited, to be  
By circumstance develop'd, the bequest  
Of dog to whelp, that acquired legacy  
Of training ; second nature, second hand ;  
Parcel imbibed from fountains contraband.

That be far from me should I seem to pipe  
Piteous demission of primordial thought,  
Art is but Nature of a loftier type—  
Our Nature, whether thus inborn, or taught—  
Or will be counted such by times unripe,  
So by Art—Nature be the rhymelets wrought,  
And graces various beautify the verse,  
As equal poets pipe in tones diverse.

Is it too mincing, this anatomy,  
Or too distasteful ? But it serves my turn,  
It manifests the stern stability  
Of my position—that the bard must learn :  
The measure of improvement then must be  
Infinity ; nor can the minstrel earn  
Renown or nourishment until he hears  
What others sing, and warbles with the years.

But of a course the favor'd embryo brain  
 Best charged with dulcet electricity  
 Learns best—and surest from the page of pain  
 (So that the sick disciples do not die,  
 Or sob such sorrows :—but the dismal strain  
 Is done with—even as Hope has done with me) ;  
 And simple is the truth my song delayed,—  
 “ Little or much, your poet must be made.”

'Tis but a preface : lady mine, forgive  
 The unwilling wanderer ; I am back again  
 Fast shackled to thy soul by no frail gyve  
 Terrestrial, but the strong eternal chain  
 That links the loss of being primitive,  
 This Present, Past, To Come, with the Unseen  
 For ever :—and forgive what seem to be  
 Some small half dozen thine, some six for me.

Quoth one, “ I cannot all command the strings : ”  
 Another finds some fingers not his own :  
 A third entreateth truce for truant wings,  
 And lo ! entreating, doubly far hath flown,—  
 Fresher the flood from the crude earth that springs  
 Than drowsy waters from the filter drawn :—  
 Nathless unreckon'd rhymes are little worth  
 Was not the fountain filtered in the earth.

And sure the poets of our tuneful day  
 Are careful and fine artists, deeply read,  
 Yet fresh, but sometimes daintily display,  
 Not careful to conceal their subtle trade.  
 So doth the bantling teach Papa to play ;  
 Nay, I have done, dear lady, I have said  
 What is not meet to utter now nor then  
 By this most mournful of the sons of men.

And should those tender mid-day stars of thine  
 Set rays upon revisions of our muse  
 To find her attributes not quite divine,  
 Never be gaster'd at the fell reviews ;

Be sure that wisdom so much more than mine  
Must know her better than her master knows,  
That weakly drones take each judicious draft  
And bless the bitter medicine of the craft.

Then think she was bound over to her trade  
Some sickly sad half-dozen moons ago  
When all was counted lost : her youth how sad  
Is something known to thee—but more unknown !  
Thus then she droops unlesson'd and unread  
Halfway to Helicon, but may limp on  
So she be dieted with mellow fare  
Than mathematics, megrims, and despair,

Her erewhile portion. Tho' her lot be cast  
On very fearful nights, with Heaven to friend  
With Time to tutor, music to her taste,  
She shall give God the glory, make an end  
In melodies atoning for the past,  
And pipe her feeble measure to amend  
What nearest discord of Creation's song  
Jars ;—for well doing shortest days are long.

Reviews—Ah never think these vagrant notes  
Will knock at the fine ear of the reviewer,  
Save he receive them as slight antidotes  
To a rich surfeit of some ripe eschewer  
Of mother tongue, home brewing, and old coats :  
Yet must we nerve our strings for something newer,  
And cast about us for a style or two  
Should days grow longer and the blues less blue.

(That was a joke, I think it well to mention  
The feature, fearful lest with naked eye  
Thou should'st mistake my jocular intention.  
A microscope would help thee to descry  
Yet other some perchance—not of prepension  
Malicious,—but were broken mournfully,—  
Lights in the dark of unfulfill'd desire,  
The fainting flashes of a dying fire.

The "light of other Days ;" and grief the while  
 Pauses to shed a tear. They illustrate  
 Else total gloominess, and half beguile  
 All sorrow.) The mainspring unfortunate  
 Of these sad strains we falter'd out erewhile,  
 But, as thou knowest well, with any fate,  
 We should have turn'd the fallow of our time  
 In ridges of unmeditated rhyme.

\* \* \* \*

And now this is my all—a life of me,  
 I live not quite within this lovely world :  
 If not above it with my poesy,  
 At least a little under, sails all furl'd  
 I drift adown the stream of Destiny  
 Dipping an oarless hand where, lightly curl'd,  
 The waves caress it, and so warble on—  
 And will so, till the very stream be gone.

When first in the fell struggle for existence  
 I saw this weakness jostled to the wall,  
 Much I revolved, and much, what best resistance  
 Such freaks of Nature I could front withal ;  
 My darling method held out no subsistence,  
 Fed all my agony—yet starved it all :—  
 Ditties are dainty diet for despair,  
 But the faint dust demands more solid fare.

Trust me, sweet soul, I have done what I could ;  
 And listen, lady of my love, the while  
 With order'd words I dress this spirit food  
 Of mine, this poesy, and reconcile  
 Its use with its abusers. When the brood  
 Of better monkeys had the *face* to smile,  
 This was the first advance to civilization,  
 For smiling comes before articulation.

Then follow'd kissing, weeping, cooing, wooing,  
 Engowning, frowning, towning, and the rest,  
 Language included : this with times ensuing  
 The common tongue, too falteringly exprest



Seasons of statelier mood, when wars were brewing,  
 Victories won, or warriors to the breast  
 Given again of the good earth that bare them ;  
 Therefore at such tides would our sires prepare them

Cymbals, and shells, and such small instruments  
 Of youngling melody, *and to them join'd*  
*The foot-fall timing voice*, sublimer vents  
 Of language : and so numbers were combined  
 With music in their primal blandishments,  
 But with the stride of years, the march of mind,  
 Made for themselves a monarchy ; and now  
 The war, the kind *ci—gît* the lover's vow,

The Maker's excellent praise, is Poetry.  
 It is the loftiest language of the soul,  
 Emotion's voice utter'd in melody,  
 Passion, and prose, and measure.\* From the scroll  
 Of the true poet those rare flashes fly  
 That lure from earth, lead to the common goal,  
 With a celestial glory, and lay bare  
 To Faith and Hope a splendid sepulchre.

Think not I deem such dismal monodies  
 The function of the rhymer Christian born ;  
 His part, I take it, is not all to please,  
 But help the Right by haling Wrong to scorn,  
 Like Virgil or the myth Mæonides  
 To solder up a state by faction torn ;—  
 So having render'd a lost love its due,  
 "To-morrow," Pegasus, "to pastures new."

Blessed disaster, but dwell with me, Thou !  
 What ! could I scatter light, and not with thee !  
 Bathe me yet brighter in thy glory-glow !—  
 My lost, lost star :—and if it cannot be

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\*Of course I do not deny Music to Prose. Prose is made of Music subtle, but less measured. In actual fact Poetry and Prose are not distinct : at any apparent borderground their harmonies are inaudibly blended.

Ray but one vital beam on one below,  
Gross mortal, that is mine enough for me,  
And I will dream the rest, and dreaming die  
To wake all thine in thy eternity.

O therefore let thy far sweet influence light  
A little on my soul—that it may sing,  
O make the dull words sparkle meteor-bright,  
Give them a glory never glimmering :  
O still bright star to a dark satellite  
Thou art my inspiration, my song spring  
For ever :— and for ever thou shalt be  
Alone my helpmate and my harmony.

I would not if I could with equal hand  
Strike into sound the agony of soul  
That heard so lately its delight would stand  
Stubbornly loyal, gazed on a nearing goal  
Of marriage : with a love that never waned  
A deep desire that I should mate no doll,  
Read fully ! as if ever such rare wit  
Were less than wondrous to this parasite.

That heard, " My prayers are thine : thy precious name  
Mounts into Heaven set in my orison  
Dewfall and dawn ! "—if I could only dream  
This would be death ! O world, if I could moan  
A little of my bitterness, the theme  
Should stand henceforth the single sorrow known,  
If I could murmur how we loved and lost,  
Passion would die, Love be a fleeting ghost.

And dost thou question from that tender soul,  
" Cast you the holy secrets of our love  
Bare to the common eye ? "—sweet heart, the scroll  
Is nothing to the rest and will not rove  
Too far—alas !—I publish from my dole,  
Trusting perchance with better days to move  
The wheel of Fortune backward : none but these,  
Are ready—" such rough rhymes can never please :"—

Beginnings must be made : the dreadful die  
Cast sooner, will as soon declare the cast ;  
But never dream I ask a subsidy  
From the first throws ; thankful if they be class'd  
Merely as rude experiments, to try  
The favour of this venture, the lorn last ;—  
Receive them, Thou ; thine is the melody,  
The spirit is thine—it is a part of thee.

I would have waited to have given thee more  
And better work than these, but time withstands,  
And if my love, my pride, my soul, abhor  
The very thought of them in alien hands,  
There is no quarter given to the poor  
In this world ; but, remember, sickness brands  
Me with the badge of poverty, and breaks  
First, with all bitterness, the heart it takes.

“ Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I ” :—  
Forgive him the false grammar, by the way,  
This Shakspeare : he was young, and probably  
There were no decent grammars in his day :—  
Let Fortune go to—comment ! go to sea—  
To see *Miss-Fortune* !—I must joke away  
This haplessly haphazarded quotation ;  
It is so bare of Christian elevation.

“ My poverty, but not my will, consents ” :—  
This parses better, and will suit the fair—  
And me !—I cannot move the elements  
To thy sweet will, there is no thoroughfare ;  
So to the public with my compliments  
I give these random rhymes. If nothing rare  
Not wholly thus have sorrow's song buds blown ;  
And daisies please when fairer flowers are none.

O censure not my sweet eternal theme.  
Last year the swallow came, and earth was glad :  
The swallow comes again with bower and beam,  
And earth is joy again—and I am sad :

Love was and is, and is to be supreme,  
 Cannot be sung too often, will not fade ;  
 Love is the Heart whose living pants supply  
 The wide pulsations of Eternity.

Sweet is the muse to me, but seldom kind :  
 Comes a thought flash'd along the sickly brain,  
 But ere well photograph'd on the worn mind  
 It sparkles, and it dies, nor doth remain  
 More than the lightning leaves—dark doubly blind :  
 I wonder where they go, these thoughts that wane :  
 Haply, as those that live, they never die,  
 But ripple ghost-thoughts thro' Eternity.

Now, Elsie, I must close ; I am so tired :  
 Yes, tired of singing, tho' I sing to thee,  
 But thou canst never know what is required  
 Of persons to be poets—or of me !  
 I quote the latter, for at best inspired  
 By thee, thou Wonder, could an Atrophy  
 Berhyme that Wonder to the lowest Heaven,  
 Yea tho' it crowns the seventh of the seven.

I am so tired—no, not of life, Lenore,  
 But of this death that cannot bear the Spring ;  
 The glad sun smiles : he opens my sad sore  
 New with the opening leaves. I try to sing  
 And the birds drown me, and I moan the more,  
 And hate them for the hollow sweets they bring,—  
 Perennial ghosts of buried harmonies,  
 Echoes to Hell of a lost paradise.

April, 1872.

“MORE.”





## SILAS DORNE.

BY GEORGE B. BURGIN.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**M**R. Castlemaine sat in his easy chair, with clasped hands, and wearily drooping head.

Throughout the long day he had been going from creditor to creditor seeking for yet a little time, and entreating them to spare him the bitter shame about to overwhelm his grey head. No one had refused his prayer. If he could only get money he might retrieve his position after all. It was very hard for him to see the fruits of a long life of industry scattered to the winds for the want of a little money. He would never speculate again if he could but recover his good fame in the eyes of the world.

As he mused thus, there was a knock at the door, and he pushed his untasted supper away, peevishly hoping it was not some other creditor about to disturb him.

"I will not see anyone to-night, Margaret," he shouted to his housekeeper. "They will harrass me to death between them if this is to go on much longer."

"It's Mrs. Dorne, if you please, sir. She says she must see you."

"I won't see her. It's too bad of her to come bothering me at this time of night. I won't see her."

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. Castlemaine," said a voice from the shadow of the door, "but it is a matter of vital importance I wish to discuss with you."

The old man yielded a grumbling assent, and motioned to his housekeeper to retire.

"You must excuse me also, Mrs. Dorne," he said, deprecatingly, "but I have been so harrassed and worried to-day that I scarcely know what I am doing."

"Can you spare a few moments from the contemplation of your own affairs to look into those of my husband, Mr. Castlemaine?"

"With the greatest pleasure my dear madam, I am very

much indebted to your husband, and I shall be most happy to render him any assistance."

"It is in this way, Mr. Castlemaine. I have every confidence in you as a man of honor, but I must ask you to pledge yourself never to divulge what takes place between us this evening."

"Such a request is somewhat extraordinary," he faltered, peering curiously at her over the rim of his silver spectacles, "and, from anyone else, one I would not accede to. I am sure you must have some strong reasons for preferring it."

"I have the strongest of all reasons, Mr. Castlemaine, or I would not ask you."

"Very well," he said, after a mental calculation that he might gain something, and could not possibly lose much, by such a promise.

She cast about for some means of breaking her plan to him, and laid the bank-notes on the table. At the sight of them the old man quivered with a tremulous eagerness as to what was to come next.

"You see this money, Mr. Castlemaine?" she asked.

His faded eyes shone with delight, and he nodded in the affirmative.

"My husband," she continued slowly, "is a very proud man. It has come to the ears of certain friends of mine that he is in embarrassed circumstances, and requires a large sum of money. I have it here."

She did not notice the look of angry disappointment flitting across the old man's face.

"If Silas knew it came from my friends, he would not accept it, and we shall be ruined. In my distress I thought of the money you owe him, hoping that you might induce him to believe it has come from you. Rather than take the whole of it I have no doubt he will be content with half, and let you keep the remaining moiety. You understand?"

He bowed responsively.

"I leave this money in your hands. I will not ask you for a receipt as I have every confidence in you. If you do not carry out my trust I will haunt you, come between your hope of the next world, and leave you in an agony of despair. Remember!"

The old man was frightened by her vehemence, but promised faithfully to perform the trust confided to him. Then a change came over her, and she entreated his forgiveness for the words she had used.

"Yes, yes ; " he said, "it is all right. I will do your mission faithfully."

She passed out into the open air, unconsciously listening to the monotonous roar of the sea dashing upon the beach. Taking the cool water she threw it upon her hot forehead, and laved her hands to still the fever consuming her within. She looked again for her star but saw it not.

What was she to do ? Whither should she hide herself ? How hard it was to be all alone upon that dreary beach with the blackening clouds gathering across the sky as if they would descend and blot her out from existence. The sharp stones cut her feet, and her tangled hair blinded her weeping eyes as she hurried on, and then sat down again to think. To think ! She must not think, or she would go mad. A terrible temptation seized her to throw herself within reach of the waves, and let them work their will upon her. It would be pleasant to lie peacefully down in their blue depths, free from all the trouble and sin of this life. She pictured herself floating placidly on the summer sea, the drifting seaweed binding her hair, and clinging gently round her for a shroud. Perhaps Silas, wandering alone in his grief, would meet her thus cast up by the waves, and, as he lavished tenderest caresses on her so cold and still, he would know she had not betrayed the tenderest trust and faith man ever gave to woman.

The water was so cold that she could not commit herself to it, to be carried, tossed, and battered hundreds of miles away until all semblance of humanity had left her.

Looking up again she saw her star. It shone so brightly and with such celestial radiance that her poor tempest-tossed heart beamed with joy as she hailed it with uplifted hands. It was but a superstition, but it comforted her. Her strength came back, and bursting into tears she knew that its dazzling rays had saved her from the dark purpose filling her heart. It would be braver, nobler, to work on, enduring for aye, than to give up the



struggle in the beginning. Far, far away in the distance a glimmering of light betokened the coming day, and as she went onward it heralded the dawning happiness which should be hers hereafter when she and Silas met again. Reverently, and humbly, as one conscious of her weakness, she passed eastward to meet it until her figure became a dim black speck, and then disappeared altogether.

The angry ocean chafed within its narrow bounds, and surged still farther on the pebbly strand, murmuring with rage at the loss of its victim; for, like Time, it grasps all things in its mighty oblivion, and the more it engulfs, the greater becomes its eagerness for fresh victims. Far down in its cavernous depths lie hid the countless dead, 'mid argosies, and jewels of price. As it creeps in the fleshless skulls, and tosses them for very sport, the cries of those upon the shore but give a zest to its cruel pastime, making music sweeter far than mermaid's strain or Triton's warlike trump, and Neptune, from his sea-girt throne, listens with ears that know no surfeit, until he shall be called upon to give up the treasures of his charnel house, or cease to be.

## CHAPTER IX.

JOB Castlemaine heard next day that Mrs. Dorne had eloped with Edgar Treyne. Various and conflicting stories were whispered about, but all agreed that she and Edgar Treyne were missing. The truth was that Edgar Treyne had made an appointment with Mrs. Dorne to meet him in London, which she had not the slightest intention of keeping.

The story ran they had eloped together. When Job Castlemaine heard this a strange idea took possession of him. Who was there, besides Mrs. Dorne, to know that he had received a large sum of money from her? The more he pondered over her agitated demeanour, the more he became convinced it was Edgar Treyne's money, and that if Silas knew the truth he would spurn it as coming from the violater of his home. Silas was a young man, strong and able to work, with a whole lifetime



in which to obtain a fresh start. It would make but the difference of a few years to him to regain his former position. How easy it would be to save the name of Castlemaine from being dragged through the mire. Fate had placed the money in his hands; it would be the act of a fool to refuse to appropriate it for himself.

As he reasoned thus, his scruples vanished one by one. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to do. This Mrs. Dorne wished to insult his young friend with the money of the man who had carried her off. If he told this to Silas he would probably destroy the bank-notes, and no benefit at all would be derivable from them. The money was much better in his hands than in anyone else's, and if Silas failed to get on in the world he would make him his heir. As all this occurred to him, his scruples dwindled away into thin air. Who would take Mrs. Dorne's word—if she ever came back—in preference to his own?

Shortly after this it was rumoured that Mr. Castlemaine had called his creditors together to pay them fifteen shillings in the pound, besides giving ample security for the remaining five shillings.

It was also whispered what an honorable man he was, and some even talked of presenting him with a silver tea-service in commemoration of his successful struggle through his financial difficulties. It was deemed advisable by others, however, to defer this mark of their admiration until the whole of his debts should be paid off. Greatly to his disappointment this suggestion was acted on. His lady friends condoled with him, and, as Job Castlemaine once more walked the street with head erect, the consciousness of rigid rectitude giving an air of easy juvenility to his manner, it was not difficult to perceive that he, too, felt he had acted nobly under the difficult circumstances in which he had been placed.

It occurred to him it would be a grateful act to call on the man he had so basely injured for the second time. He might learn something from him of all this strange affair, and the stories which were floating about. At any rate, the attempt would be worth making. Reaching the house he saw the blinds closed,

and the doctor's carriage standing before the door.

Silas Dorne was very ill. The village Esculapius admitted in confidence to his wife it would be doubtful if he ever recovered. Only Providence, with the assistance of Dr. Dodds, could do it, and even then it would be hard work to pull him through.

The news of his wife's treachery had been so unlooked for that Silas, at first, could not understand it. When the dreadful truth dawned upon him in all its hideousness, he fell to the ground like a dead man. The shock was too great, and the brain fever supervening was indeed a mercy to him.

"Dead ! dead ! dead !" he cried in his delirium, restlessly turning from side to side. "Dead ! dead ! dead ! She is gone, my darling, my darling ! Gone away, and for ever. Look at the cruel waters how they rush to her feet, and mock her as she turns to flee. They shall not have her. Dove, come back, come back," and he struggled up into a sitting posture, turning his straining eyeballs in the direction of the sea. "Don't you see how the waters rush around her, and carry her away ! Look how she struggles to come to me. Let me out. Let me out to go to my lost darling. No one can save her but myself. Hark ! how she cries, and trembles. Let me go. Let me go to save her. Dove ! dove ! dove ! She is drowning before your eyes, and, cowards as you are, you will not let me save her. Don't let her go there," he entreated piteously, "don't let her go near the cruel, crawling foam. Don't let the waves come up and swallow her. Courage, courage, Dove, I am coming, coming, com—no, no, I cannot come to you now, Dove. The sands between us are both drear and wide. It is so dark, so very, very dark. Don't let him touch you. Wait for me, my darling, my darling" and he sunk back exhausted.

"Don't you know me, Silas ?" asked Job Castlemaine gently, for it grieved him to see such a wreck.

"Yes ; you are Edgar Treyne, and I will have your life. I will kill you as you have killed my love down there among the rushing waters. Dead ! dead ! dead ! and it is your work, villain. I never wronged you, Edgar, that you should take my little wife, and hold her there beneath the salt, salt sea until she died. She never hurt you, Edgar. Don't let her drown," he

implored. "They hold me down with cunning iron bands that sink into my flesh, but I will break them yet. Don't let her drown, Edgar. Don't let her drown."

"Hush, Silas, it is all right," cried Job Castlemaine, shocked and bewildered, "I have saved her."

"Safe ! Is she safe ? Have you saved her, Edgar ? Let me view her with the sea-drops in her hair, and the pearls she has gathered from the ocean caves. Safe !, safe ! safe !" and he plucked at the coverlet in his impatience.

"I have given him an opiate," whispered Dr. Dodds. "I think, sir, he will recover. He has a tough constitution, but the shock has been a terrible one."

"Thank God," muttered Job Castlemaine, stumbling out from the sick chamber. Once in the open air the thought of what he had seen gradually faded away, and his qualms of conscience vanished never to return.

*(To be Continued.)*

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#### BREAKFAST TIME.

"**N**OW for the marriages, births, and deaths !  
Young Chator I see—is made a papa,  
Tom spliced to his cousin Elizabeth,  
And—here, May—you read these through to Mamma."

*She's dead then—my lost love of long ago,  
Long ago—yet it seems as the week gone by  
When we sat alone in the sunset's glow  
And talked of the future—my love and I.*

But the future with sorrow was rife ;  
Since love in a cottage was not my plan  
We parted—I chose a wealthier wife,  
And she—she married a rich old man.



Some said she never was quite the same—  
How well I remember that moonlit scene  
When she whispered, "George, it is you to blame,  
I would have been true—if you had been."

Is she altered I wonder ! have years  
Left their trail in her glossy hair,  
Have grief, disappointment, watching and tears  
Spoilt the face that was once so fair.

Would I had seen her but once again,  
Would I could see her—ah ! even now  
To tell in those deaf ears my life long pain,  
To press one kiss on that marble brow.

My wife has been all a wife can be,  
Leal and loving, gentle and true ;  
But never the pulse of my life to me  
Like her of whose passion she never knew.

"Eh, children ? what ?—" Then my eldest born  
Cries out with reproach in her very tone,  
And a tinge of youthful pitying scorn,  
"Papa !—you have no more romance than a stone."

Read this—but my thoughts are far away—  
I hear my wife's voice say, "There, May—let him be,  
Your father is dreaming of settling day  
Or some money making for you and me."

Settling Day ! Yes !—when beyond the sky  
I meet my dead love as of old we met,  
Shall we two speak of the trials gone by,  
Or shall we in mercy the past forget ?

The clock strikes nine—I rise from my chair,  
Straightway all my fanciful visions are furled ;  
I am off to the office—once more to be there  
*Myself*—the keen shrewd business man of the world.



## ON THE COAST.

BY HORACE TOWNSHEND.

**A** NARROW cave, a sheltered strand,  
Dark rocks rough chiselled by the wave.  
Above—a stretch of wind swept land,  
Below—the sea. And all a grave.  
A grave above—the churchyard dank,  
A grave below—the hungry sea ;  
Above the nettles cluster rank,  
Below the waves roll restlessly.

Long curling seaweeds glistening brown  
Sweep to and fro with changing tide,  
That ever surging up and down  
Brings sea-waifs to our countryside.  
A prize the fishermen count dear,  
Too dear a prize our records tell ;  
Above—the corpse may press the bier,  
Below—the ever heaving swell.

Sweet grass, well loved by silly sheep,  
Doth crown the crest of rugged cliff.  
Sure footed creatures safe they creep,  
To start and huddle should they sniff  
A stranger, who has strayed so far  
To travel in that wild west land.  
One moment on the brink they are,  
The next they cross the sheltered strand.

Yet they may see what few have seen—  
Though little of the woe they reck :  
For them the grass is always green—  
The sinking ship ! the crowded deck !  
The cry of those whose fate has come,  
No mercy from the rocks or sea,  
One moment's anguish—all are dumb :  
And still the sheep feed peacefully.

Aye, dwellers in the lands that lie  
 Afar from sea beat rock and strand,  
 You little know how men may die  
 In sight of home and promised land.  
 Brave men may dare what men may do,  
 And life boats face the winter gale.  
 Alas ! too many have to rue  
 The land they longed once more to hail.

### ODE TO IMAGINATION.

*(Inscribed by permission to Alfred Tennyson.)*

BY DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

**A**LL hail ! far-seeing and creative power  
 Before whose might the Universe bends low  
 In silent adoration ! guide my pen,  
 While from my soul the sounds of music pour  
 Towards Thy praises ! for to thee belongs  
 The sounding stream of never ending song.  
 When out of chaos rose the glorious world—  
 Sublime with mountains frowning from the skies  
 On lonely seas ; sweet with slow wending vales  
 Claspings the grandeur of the heavenly hills  
 That guard them from the peace-destroying winds  
 With soft and tender arms ; or lowly glens,  
 Shrinking from glowing gaze of searching sun  
 Beneath the shades of the high soaring hills ;  
 Grand with great torrents roaring o'er fierce crags  
 In suicidal madness ; sad with seas  
 That flash in silver of the gladdening sun  
 Yet ever wail in sorrow 'neath the skies  
 Of smiling heaven—like a lowly life  
 That wears a sunny face, and wintry soul ;

Hopeful with fickle, life renewing Spring ;  
Gladdened with Summer's radiance, Autumn's joy,  
And sad and sullen with fierce Winter's rain ;  
Ruled by the race of God-made men who rush  
Towards Eternity with half shut eyes,  
Blind to the glories of sweet sky and sea,  
Wood-covered earth and sun-reflecting hill,—  
Thou in the mind of God, almighty power !  
Ruled and directed His creative hand.  
With thee the seas spread and the hills arose  
To do thy Maker's will ; the silvery stars  
Like heavenly glow-worms, beautifully cold  
And gladly silent, gemmed the gloom of night  
And shed the gladdening glances of their eyes  
On the dim face of the night darkened earth.  
Without thy sweetening influence, the soul  
Of Nature's bard were as a sunless sea,—  
A Summer garden, destitute of flowers,—  
A Winter day that knoweth not the gleam  
Of glowing sun ; or river searching wild  
Thro' desert lands for ne'er appearing trees,  
Or peaceful flowers that sandy scenes disdain.  
No thought the philosophic mind imparts  
To an enraptured world, but bears thy power,  
And owns thee as the agent of its birth ;  
O'er the fair landscape of the Muse's mind  
Thou sunlike shed'st the glory of thy love,  
Inspiring all the scenes that bloom below ;  
Brightening the bowers where Fancy loves to dwell,  
Or on the crest of some huge mountain-thought  
Placing the splendour of thy fleecy cloud  
To make its frowning grandeur greater seem,  
And deepen all its wondrous mystery.  
Thro' the sweet coloured plains of Poesy  
Thou flowest like a sadly sounding stream,  
Here, rushing furious o'er the roaring crags  
Of wild, original thought : and there, 'neath bowers  
Of Imagery, winding on thy way,

Peaceful and still towards the soundless sea  
 Of all engulfing Immortality.  
 Like lightening flash for which no thunder roar  
 Makes preparation, from th' astonished mind  
 On an astonished and admiring world  
 Thou dartest on thine overwhelming course,  
 Leaving a track of splendour in thy train,  
 And lighting up the regions of thy way.  
 With thee sweet Music sings her various song  
 To thrill the soul and elevate the mind  
 With thoughts that often "lie too deep for tears,"  
 And own a sadness sweeter than the rills,  
 A softer sweetness than the sinking sun  
 Gives to the sparkling face of pensive sea.  
 With thee great Genius walketh hand in hand  
 Towards the loftiest thought, or sits in pride  
 Upon the lofty throne of starry fame.  
 Borne on thy wings, the pensive Poet flies  
 To the bright angel-land of sunny dreams,  
 Or pours his floods of music o'er the world.  
 With thy fair hues his daily deeds are gemmed,  
 And by thy balmy influence his life  
 Survives when he is dead !

### KING ALFRED.

BY PERCY RUSSELL.

*A Saxon Legend in Four Books.*

Book 1. THE PROPHECY.

**K**ING Alfred in his Palace feasted long,  
 Its walls were rough hewn stone, its floor was earth,  
 The spluttering pine logs cast a radiance strong ;  
 The Bard had warmed into that slyer mirth  
 Which stung the foolish, till the wise could trace  
 Confessing frowns on many a reveller's face.



How deeply from the King's expanded chest  
In mellow surges pealed his thoughtless laugh,  
Benignly urging each delighted guest  
Sweet mead more freely from the bowls to quaff,  
As each man's humor forth began to peer  
In spite of pride, hypocrisy, or fear !

What sudden silence stills the noisy throng ?  
Abashed the jester into shadow slips,  
The minstrel pauses in the tide of song  
With eyes of wonder and disparted lips,  
For one was standing in the Feast's red glare,  
Whose life was action and whose action—Prayer !

Deep-lined, but softened with the tender grace  
Of that true comfort he so often brought  
To erring souls, the stranger's pallid face  
Had grown so lovely thro' concentrated thought  
For all who suffered, that the suffering felt  
A perfect balm in perfect pity dwelt.

With searching gaze King Alfred forward leant,  
Letting the wassail bowl unheeded fall  
Upon his sleeping hound ; the stranger bent  
A glance of sternness on him, as the hall  
Rang with a voice clarionous, that smote  
In each heart there some sympathetic note.

“ Oh King ! was it to feast away the time  
That holy hands anointed thee with oil,  
Shall youth's mad thirst for pleasure sanction crime,  
Shall warriors slumber while marauders spoil—  
The crown of Egbert turn into a toy,  
And all thy care be—only to enjoy ? ”

“ Mercia hath fallen—but by whom betrayed ?  
Didst thou not purchase soul-corrupting quiet  
From Hubba by refusing Buthred aid ?  
And thinkest in these scenes of festive riot  
That sin will never find thee ?—foolish King !  
Thy coasts are darkened by the Raven’s wing ! ”

“ Too bold by Horsa ! ” roared a warrior hot,  
“ Who art thou, stranger ? Some pale priest whose heart  
At steel would shudder ”—but the hermit shot  
A glance so fiery every guest did start,  
And then more meekly, as his head he bent,  
“ You dared not speak thus to the Prince of Kent ! ”

“ What Athelstan ! our long lost hero who  
Won Sandwich battle ! ” in a chorus rose.  
The King leaped up, his eyes of tender blue  
With tears were filling. “ Let us not be foes,”  
He murmured, thro’ the rustling rushes trod,  
And to his bosom clasped the man of God.

There was no reveller in that festive hall  
But bowed in heart before that act of love,  
And even one who could the loudest brawl  
Was heard to mutter something from above  
Had stolen among them, like the Saviour’s feet  
That stilled the storm waves into silence sweet.

With firmness tempered tenderly the Saint  
Drew softly backward from the King’s embrace,  
And lifting hands that blessed, a sweet but faint  
Smile broke the calmness of his yearning face ;  
He spoke half dreaming, “ This one hour repays  
My spirit for a past of torture-days.

“ I tho’ a victor from the world withdrew,  
For England had enow of warriors ; she  
Had need of honor, faith—religion true ;  
And one meek heart’s petition still might be  
Accepted incense that from heaven could win  
Enduring patience for a nation’s sin !

“ Thus I abandoned all the haunts of men,  
And from vain world-joys did my spirit wean,  
My sojourn making in a wooded glen  
Where not a human creature could be seen,  
Soon to discover—all unknown till then—  
There are no deserts like a crowd of men !

“ Yet oft I gathered in the passing news,  
How thou didst conquer by the lonely Ash,  
How at thy brother’s death the chief did choose  
Thee for our Sovran, and that marriage rash  
Ere thou wast bearded with concern I heard,  
And longed to greet thee with a loving word !

“ Next stories of oppression met mine ear,  
How thou didst slight the misery of the poor,  
The memory of the Saviour should endear,  
How ’neath thy sceptre life was insecure ;  
Some day a wanderer, to myself I said,  
He’ll thank some peasant for a piece of bread !

“ Thou hast thy palaces—beware, they may  
Bring to thy people much of deadly woe ;  
What bends more easily than human clay  
Beneath a tyrant’s hand ? The passing show  
Of circumstance, however firm we be,  
Shapes in some part at least our destiny !

“Enter the huts of thy poor peasants—say  
Can Happiness spread wide her pinions there,  
Can Hope descend with rainbow tinted ray  
To paint her Edens in the common air?”  
There joy exalts not, for what joy is found  
Clogs the soul's wings and sinks it to the ground!

“O let thy people have but access free  
To noble issues, thro' thy deeds appeal  
To all that latent in their hearts may be  
Of love for Duty, sympathy to feel  
For all who suffer—do this, King, and know  
'Twill free thy people from their vice and woe.

“Thou hast no time thou sayest, there is to-day,  
’Tis all the greatest can command Oh King!  
Success lives in the Now, to-morrow may  
Entomb thy future neath Death's sudden sting,  
Who does the best thing that each hour allows  
May place a victor's crown upon his brows.

“My task accomplished, I must now depart,  
Nay, nought can move me; think how trivial are  
To me those things that rule the worldly heart.  
I shall be present in the coming war;  
Adieu till that hour, still I pray for thee;  
Match with thy glory my humility.”

So awe inspiring his exalted tone  
None dared oppose him parting, but the King  
Cried “Farewell brother, now my duty's known”—  
He stopped and faltered as the knightly ring  
Dissolved in that respect for grief that finds  
A place in all except ignoble minds.



Then, thought-stung into sudden action, quick  
The King sprang forward when a man appeared  
Clothed as with dust and unto dying sick,  
Who murmured " Halfden has the Raven reared,  
And taken Wareham, not a soul survives :  
Thy truce with Hubba saved no English lives."

While even speaking, with impetuous stride  
A warrior entered, blood upon his brow,  
And " Exancester has surrendered " cried  
" The Dane is master of our sea coast now,  
And every village they have traversed lies  
In ashes 'neath the unreprieving skies."

" Still trouble cometh double " whispered low  
The tall knight Turgar ; then exclaimed the King  
" Upon the ocean must we meet this foe  
And clip his raven's too ambitious wing !  
Spread round us an impenetrable shield,  
The sea should be the Saxon's battle field."

The days to labor were devoted, now  
The monarch for the first time felt that man's  
True mission is in anguish of his brow  
To toil for others : such endeavour fans  
A flame within the soul that ever gives  
That real religion that in action lives.

Sometimes the King's thoughts tenderly would stray  
Unto a distant castle, where his wife  
Wept mournfully the weary hours away,  
Dividing them, lamenting o'er the strife  
That gave such promise of dark times to be  
For the fair child that gambolled at her knee.

Queen Ethelwitha in a summer won  
The heart of Alfred, and his nature as  
The passion flower that opens in the sun  
Displayed its brightest, while in hers there was  
Congenial feeling, and a heart in which  
Howe'er 'twas scanned appeared no selfish wish.

Love from the first the King's young soul had fired,  
Love with a purity, that grew not dim  
In the clear day of Conscience ; he desired  
Round her, as round the daisy's heart its rim  
Closes at evening to repel the dew,  
To fold the truth of an affection true.

Albeit changed in heart, some passions fierce  
Like sleeping serpents lay in his breast, till  
The sun of opportunity might pierce  
Them with his beams and rouse them to fulfil  
Their evil nature ; still through hosts of sins  
O'ercome the saint his throne in heaven wins.

An opalescent sky smiled on that shore  
The unborn Norman was to make renowned,  
As gaily the King's fleet with sail and oar  
Put out to sea ; Oh ! many a heart did bound  
With fearful hope thus going forth to seek  
The dread encounter of a Viking's beak.

Not with the grandeur of the Greek Trireme,  
Nor the wild beauty of the frigate swift,  
Came England's war-barks—bulky in the beam,—  
Like shapeless rafts upon the waves they drift ;  
While the coarse rigging of their rude equipment,  
A building's scaffold rather than a ship meant.

They were but floating platforms—somewhat small—  
The moving section of a battle-field,  
And as for tactics—there were none at all !  
Since those would conquer who could longest wield  
The axe, most dread of weapons—but a test  
Of valor true, surpassing all the rest !

The King stood on the leading bark and cried,  
Gladdened with an exhilarating joy  
Imparted by the motion of the tide,  
“ When we these spoilers four hear its destroy  
I’ll pass a law to make each man a Thane  
Who builds one ship and crosses thrice the main.”

A passing thought—how little men could tell  
What was the issue that from this should burst,  
A thousand years have not expanded well ;  
Or that the spirit in those moments nursed  
Should grow in glory till a quenchless star  
It rose victorious over Trafalgar !

Three days passed by, and then at set of sun  
The first of Admirals that England knew  
Her earliest naval triumph proudly won,  
And chased the Vikings, where we now may view  
That mighty seawall that so well defies  
Atlantic waves that seem to scale the skies.

But evil tidings reached the King amid  
The victory’s joy ; the chief he trusted failed  
To meet the Dane and in some forest hid  
His coward followers. Homeward Alfred sailed,  
And as he landed all who came to greet  
Poured forth dark tales of slaughter and defeat !

Again stood Alfred in the Hall where last  
He saw his brother, Odun, Turgar, and  
A few Thanes round. A leaden gloom was cast  
Upon their faces, while the drooping hand  
Of each bowed figure was enough to show  
Misfortune must have struck a heavy blow.

"He was a Prophet," said the King at length—  
While Odun "yea, but what course can we take?  
'Tis sure destruction with our present strength  
To meet the Dane; we could not even break  
Through his lines yonder to unite our men  
With those too late assembled in the fen."

"Alas" groaned Alfred in his bitter woe  
"Had I my people loved, I should not lack  
Warriors to overwhelm this daring foe,  
But pleasure did the bow of power slack,  
Until when needed in dismay we find  
Its arrows fly not 'gainst misfortune's wind.

Here Turgar broke in "Kenwith Tower is strong  
Retreat, to it is open, let us shut  
Ourselves in those walls they will hold out long  
And this small fortress thus become a nut  
To break the Dane's teeth; Odun added here  
"Besides it holdeth the King's lady dear!"

"Depart" cried Alfred from a reverie  
Awaking "but behind the King remains,  
Go tell the Queen that she shall never see  
Us in this life while triumph still the Danes—  
Wessex is kingless, I command you go,  
My way to greatness will be sinking low!"



Sadly they parted, sadly one by one,  
 Misfortune had increased the love they bore  
 Their young King, as they went at set of sun  
 Each Thane's unspoken thought was "never more  
 Shall we behold him" yet he seemeth now  
 More kingly than when first they crowned his brow

Awhile still Alfred lingered in the Hall,  
 "Brother, thy prophecies are coming true,"  
 He cried "How sharply on this head must fall  
 That retribution that is evil's due,  
 Oh well I fear me at some peasant's door  
 For food and shelter I may soon implore!"

The twilight had long faded, but the moon  
 Shone forth in glory, Alfred with a sigh  
 Took up that dear harp whose melodious tune  
 Soothed him so often, but he dared not try  
 One note to waken on its silver string,  
 So silent from his palace went the King!

*(End of Book the First.)*

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"AN OLD MAN'S TALE."

BY T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

I HELD a farm my father held, his father held the same,  
 And if I loved the old green spot—was that a cause for shame?  
 The land was once a mountain tract, stony and barren too,  
 But golden harvest now was reaped where heather only grew.

I worked from early dawn till late, my children shared my toil,  
 And kindly Providence repaid our tillage of the soil;  
 We humbly lived, and from our store but little cash was spent,  
 So that we always had enough to pay the yearly rent.

Our landlord he was just and kind, the tenants liked him well,  
He was their friend, he knew each face, and 'mongst them loved  
to dwell;

'Tho' rents were low, he never thought to rate the farmers more  
For what they held, than to his sire their fathers paid before.

And if the wintry frost or blight destroyed the fruitful seed,  
His hand and purse were always near to help in time of need;  
His management of the estate was highly praised by all,  
No blither peasantry you'd find from Cork to Donegal.

But fairest sunshine has an end, dark night bright day must close,  
The good man died, and in his stead another Pharaoh rose,  
Around our landlord's honoured grave we stood in silent gloom,  
Yet little dreamed our future hopes were buried in his tomb.

The heir to the domain arrived to claim his lawful prize,  
'Twas then we felt our welfare found no favour in his eyes;  
When, puffed with pride, to hear our wants he ne'er would con-  
descend,  
'Twas then we knew what 'twas to have, what 'twas to lose a  
friend.

Our rent was raised, well, what of that? many could say the  
same,

We had reclaimed the sterile sod, and had ourselves to blame,  
By working hard, with frugal care, our dues we still might pay,  
So when in need to God we prayed, hard times would pass away.

We struggled on 'mid dismal scenes of grief and wild alarm,  
We saw old neighbours one by one evicted from each farm;  
Oh! that the fates had proved less kind, if kindness it could be,  
To leave us undisturbed, to drink the dregs of misery.

I had a daughter passing fair, the youngest child of seven,  
She was my pet, she looked so like her mother now in Heaven.  
And every night with smiling face, when daily toil was o'er,  
She was the first to hear my step and greet me at the door.

One night I missed my darling girl, for hours she'd not been seen,  
We searched in each secluded nook where Nelly might have been;  
We searched in vain till morning broke, but lightened not  
our care,  
We found, too late, that she had fled, but knew not why, nor  
where.

Days passed; at length a letter came, in haste I broke the seal,  
For well I knew that little note some tidings would reveal,  
I read, but as I read, each word burned as a coal of fire,  
My child had from her lowly home eloped with our new squire.

I swooned, my children gathered round, they thought life's spark  
had fled,  
Their scalding tears fell on my face like drops of molten lead;  
In fancy I heard frenzied tongues dread vows of vengeance make,  
How could my worn heart beat so loud, so long, and never break.

Within a fever ward I lay for many weeks they say,  
I heard strange voices near my bed, conversing every day.  
In whispers I heard dreadful tales of retribution done—  
Oh, God! I heard them say the squire was murdered by my son.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a sunny summer day in a brisk market town,  
Men through the streets dressed in their best were walking up  
and down,  
The sheriff's coach and halberdiers were goodly sight to see,  
All things looked gay, save the grim jail, that den of misery.

Into the crowded court I pressed, the Judge sat on his chair.  
Upon the dock all eyes were fixed, I glanced and saw him there,  
The counsel for the Crown arose, and ere he'd well begun,  
Each sentence seemed to twist the cord to slay my wretched son.

Slowly the trial dragged along from morn to evening's gloom,  
 The Judge the jury charged, who then retired within their room,  
 Spell-bound the silent crowd remained, those solemn words to  
     hear,  
 Whose power my captive son would save, or stretch him on his  
     bier.

Time glided on, 'twixt hope and dread I felt as one entranced,  
 At last the jury reappeared, and to their box advanced,  
 My teeth were clenched, with eager gaze I scanned each juror's  
     face,  
 To see if I, as in a glass, could mercy's reflex trace.

The foreman paused, then to the Judge a few brief words ad-  
     dressed,  
 Quick through the Court broke forth applause, which could not  
     be suppressed ;  
 Outside the door was heard a roar, as of a mighty sea,  
 It was the thunder shout of joy, proclaiming he was free.

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### TO A BRIDE.

BY AGNES STONEHEWER.

**A** LANDSMAN, gazing at the uncrossed sea,  
 A sailor, with strained eyes who sees new land,  
 A sower, sowing who the grain would see,  
     A child called in the dark who seeks a hand,  
 A reader with a new book all-unscanned  
     A dreamer of strange dreams, which will not be,  
 A painter with a picture vaguely planned—  
     All these and more the bride—the wife to be !  
 O friend ! with thy new life so strangely near  
 Yearning as all these yearn, to know thy fate—  
 Whose hope of joy is dashed with doubting fear  
     Lest knowing nothing, thou may'st know too late—  
 Fear not—if thou *wilt* watch, thy path is clear :  
     Trust God, thy husband—do thy best—and *wait*.



## FORGET-ME-NOT.

**A**H, love, forget me not—my faults forget—  
My blood I borrow from a Southern shore,  
And, though my vice my virtues all outweighs,  
I cling to hope thy great love will weigh more ;  
And along with my cold heart's desolate wail  
The voice of hope whispers "love will not fail."

Mine eyes were weary as are eyes which weep—  
Did a pitying Angel kiss them in sleep ?  
Be that as it may I slept like a stone,  
And dreamed of wandering far alone  
By a darkling river whose dreary moan,  
With its endless hissing and murmurs sad,  
Had driven a mateless night-bird mad,  
Which on a bough where its waters divide  
Shrieked, "Wider, ye waters, wide, more wide !  
Flow further apart, flow further apart,  
Yet meet ye again in old ocean's heart ;  
And severed though now from my mate I be  
Together we'll sing through eternity."

"Now, no matter whether  
The waters be blue and the sunset bright,  
Or the moon sail fair on a windless night,  
I care not a feather ;  
But longing wait for a kindly shot  
And death in a glade of forget-me-not."

From cruel death can I never be freed ?  
From memory's marble ne'er wash that deed ?  
With crimson tears would I the deed outblot,  
And die content so thou forget me not.

J. O.

## THE PATH OF GOLD.

*Part II.*

BY THOS. W. LEE SMITH.

THE slopes are gained, and on a verdant bank  
 Enamelled thickly with celestial flowers  
 That never fade, for here nor days nor hours  
 Pace round like sentinels in measured rank,  
     The maid reclined,  
 And motioned me a moss-bed at her feet ;  
 I sank entranced upon the scented seat,  
 And waited whilst her thrilling accents told  
 Why she had ventur'd o'er the Path of Gold,  
     A care-worn wanderer to find  
 Within the sombre realms of those of mortal mould.

"Whilst thou" she said "wert lying on the shore  
 The sighs that rent thy breast were wafted here ;  
 And as this spirit sea I wander'd near  
 The Path of Gold I quickly traversed o'er  
     To try to learn  
 What heavy sorrow sat upon thy brow.  
 My pow'r perchance may bring thee succour now,  
 And thus the balm that I may here bestow  
 May heal thine heart and drive away thy woe ;  
     Thy fever shall no longer burn,  
 Nor through thine aching breast the constant anguish flow."

"I sighed for one who passed across my way,  
 "And thought at first" I cried "that thou wert she ;  
 "But now alas ! I know this cannot be,  
 "Lest thou art wont upon the earth to stray  
     " In human form ;  
 "The light celestial in thine eyes that beams  
 "Is such as that from her soft eyes that streams ;  
 "Her sighs of sadness seemed alone to flow  
 "While gazing on a fellow creature's woe ;  
     " Her breast appeared to feel no storm,  
 "Its highest passion's heat was pity's chastening glow."

“ Her name is Peace of Mind, I know the maid,  
“ And will conduct thee quickly to her side ;  
“ From those who seek her she will never hide  
“ But still she must be sought ” the spirit said,  
“ Now hence ! away !  
“ And I will lead thee by a narrow path  
“ O’er which before no living mortal hath  
“ Pursued his course.” She said no more,  
But took my hand and led me to the shore,  
And at its verge we left the day,  
And were by slow degrees by twilight mantled o’er.

And as we went the darkness grew and grew,  
No single ray of light could now be seen ;  
And as through pond’rous walls I walked between  
A horrid dream was all the sense I knew ;  
A liquid stream  
Of blackness tangible appeared to flow  
On either side, as fearfully and slow  
Through this dark vault my trembling steps I led,  
I could not speak and thought had almost fled,  
As when held by some hideous dream  
We have no sense of feeling but that we are dead.

At length the heavy, murky, stifling pall  
By small and slow degrees began to rise ;  
The blackness still lay thick upon mine eyes,  
But seemed less pond’rous on my brow to fall ;  
A breath of air  
Would then have been to me as richly dear,  
As to the pilgrim in the desert drear  
A dew drop pendant ’neath a leaf or stone,  
When hopeless left unaided and alone ;  
But no such grateful aid was there,  
My throat and tongue were parched, I could not even groan,

And still I labour'd on in nameless pain,  
Till faintly, indistinctly, over head,  
I heard a solemn requiem for the dead;  
And gazing upward, in an antique fane  
Immense and dim,  
Where ghostly tapers shed their rays around,  
Making the distant shadows more profound,  
The priests with measured cadence, weird and low,  
While from the loft the organ's wailings flow,  
Were chanting there the funeral hymn,  
As by the slimy steps I left the vault below.

I gazed around me for my spirit guide,  
And vainly sought to pierce the sombre gloom;  
The priests, the bier, the black and gaping tomb  
Were all that met my sight, when by my side  
A mystic sound  
In accents low, broke strangely on mine ear,  
I turned, no thing of mortal mould was near.  
"Come forth with me" it said "nor here remain,  
"Since thou at least must hither turn again,  
"Beyond this pile we'll search around,  
"When if thou findest thy love, thy love thou'lt here retain."

She led me to a narrow, squalid street,  
Where filth lay dark and deep on every side;  
And shrunken beings scarcely strove to hide  
Their famished forms with rags that scarce would meet;  
"And is she here?"  
With wond'ring accents, timidly I said,  
"She has been here," replied the mystic maid,  
"Seek therefore here, for here she'll come again,  
"Seek till she comes, thou canst not seek in vain,  
"But lend me now thine ear—  
"She'll come when thou shalt help to ease these wretches'  
[pain.



“To things like these she gives what she can spare,  
“Here oftentimes she spends her nights and days;  
“These pallid beings tread these filthy ways  
“Because they cannot reach the light and air;  
“Therefore take heed  
“Thou givest what thou canst of wealth and time,  
“And with judicious hand, from filth and crime  
“Withdraw these elf-like children ere too late,  
“With such as these 'tis sacrilege to wait  
“For, in their ignorance and need  
“Of Hope, Time every moment shuts them forth the gate.”

Then forth again, beside the spirit-maid  
Up broken stairs fast verging on their fall,  
I came at length upon an attic small,  
Where sat a girl in meanest robes arrayed,  
With famished cheek.  
Who, by a feeble lamp, with sunken eyes  
And fever'd haste her restless needle plies,  
A calm despair is settled on her face,  
And Famine's bony hand has marked the place;  
Still ceaselessly she toils to seek  
Wherewith his bony hand from her poor couch to chase.

“This” said the spirit-maid “is done by Greed,  
“Thus Greed her weaker sisters tramples down;  
“In every corner of this mighty town  
“Thou'lt find these children wasting in their need;  
“Remember! here  
“Thy loved one comes to soothe this hapless life  
“Here must thou come ere she can be thy wife;  
“Do what thou canst to smite the filthy hand  
“That spreads this canker o'er a healthy land;  
“Nor let a thought of gain or fear  
“Deter thee marking such with an accursed brand.”

My heart sank low as then I left the scene  
    “Woe! woe is me! if this is human life”  
    “I never dreamt of such a wretched strife  
’Twixt toil and want—where had my manhood been?  
        Where was my wealth?  
And where those years so rashly flung away,  
That, in my memory, no single day  
Devoted to another mortal’s good  
Had been by me, from all the useless brood;  
        Ne’er did I so regret the health  
I had so weakly lost, so little understood.

Next in a dingy cellar underground,  
    All gaunt and crouching round an empty grate,  
    That ne’er a spark of fire had known of late,  
A motley group of human strays we found;  
    The hollow cheek,  
The glistening eye, the close and fetid air,  
Too plainly marked that fell disease was there;  
The fountain at the head was running dry,  
And soon the stream would lack its scant supply;  
    The wife and children soon must seek  
But where, alas, poor souls! some other place to die.

Then made my mystic guide my footsteps pass  
    Through many a shameless broad, or secret way,  
    Where horrid trade is plied by night and day;  
Through gaudy temples bright with gold and glass,  
    The lowest deeps  
To which the wondrous human form can fall,  
Where frantic passions madly fight and brawl,  
Where poison’d streams, that wash the soul away  
Leave but distortions of the primal clay,  
    And where the wretched victim steeps  
His soul in draughts from which at length ’tis death to stay.

Thus on through other scenes—then said my guide

“ If thou thy happiness wouldst yet regain,

“ Contentedly with all thy kind remain ;

“ Amongst them wilt thou find thy long-sought bride,

“ Of this be sure

“ Who has no harder toiling to surmount

“ Than his own bosom’s constant pulse to count,

“ Will truly find ere he has counted long

“ His fretful bosom’s pulses beating wrong ;

“ And this thou’lt find thine only cure

“ Get occupation for thine hand while yet ’tis strong.

“ Know ! since thou need’st not labour for thy bread,

“ Wealth given foolishly feeds vice and crime ;

“ So with thy gift of gold give gift of time,

“ Nor fear amid thy supplicants to tread ;

“ Then shall thy sleep

“ Be calm and healthful, and thy leisure hours

“ Come sweetly on thee like a breath of flowers ;

“ Thy life shall pass with her whom thou hast sought,

“ With healthy vigour and with peaceful thought.

“ I go ! and true as thou shalt keep.

“ My counsel well, so shall thy future peace be bought.”

I raised mine eyes, and lo ! the distant hill

Had robbed the ocean of my Path of Gold ;

The dew lay on my forehead damp and cold,

My frame was trembling in the twilight chill ;

But who is here !

What new emotions flood my quivering breast !

For she, whose gentle hand my forehead pressed

And softly drew the dew damp from my brow

Was she whom I had vainly sought till now !

And freed at length from pain and fear

I sought for bliss, and then our hearts exchanged the mutual

[vow.

## I DREAMT THAT I PASSED THRO' FAIRY LAND.

BY M. A. BAINES.

I DREAMT that I pass'd thro' Fairy land,  
My Love and I on our way  
From this dull earth to a better sphere,  
And the Fairies bade us stay.

We lingered awhile in that bright land,  
My Love and I were so gay ;  
And almost forgot while tarrying there,  
We were only on our way.

The Fairies all sang from morn' till night,  
So happy and blithesome they,  
With purest joy, and no evil thing,  
E'er shadow'd their cloudless day.

'Twas too bright to last, for naught so chaste,  
Save in Heav'n is found, I deem ;  
And this was true, for when I awoke,  
I saw it was all a dream !

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## SALVATOR MUNDI.

BY E. CYD.

BY a grave there is a maiden kneeling,  
And her tearful eyes to God are lifted up,  
As if He, the Author of all healing,  
To her stricken lips had pressed a bitter cup.



Buried low lies her affianced lover,  
But his image is enshrined in her heart's core ;  
And Grief's sombre wings aye beat above her,  
For she thinks he's lost to her for evermore :

For his early faith he had forsaken,  
Had denied the Awful God her father served ;  
Yet his honesty remained unshaken,  
And his strong affection from her never swerved.

Hopeless, brooding over life's mischances,  
Thus she lingers on, in that lone churchyard green,  
When towards her a slow step advances,  
And beside her stands a man of saintly mien :

Hoar with age, he's clad in deepest mourning,  
Nigh a million hours upon his shoulders rest,  
And an ample beard, his face adorning,  
Like a silvery cascade ripples down his breast.

Noticing her woe, his earnest glances,  
With a deep benignant pity softly shine,  
While the very tremour in his voice enhances  
Language dowered with a message so divine ;

" Christ the Saviour—not of sect or section,  
But " Salvator Mundi " in its mightiest sense,  
Every nation, language, and complexion,  
He created all and is their Providence.

As for endless anguish ! could the Devil  
To such hopeless misery *force e'en half mankind*,  
In wild triumph surely he would revel,  
His would be the Vict'ry,—his the Master mind.

Death is but a change of grosser raiment  
 For some subtler garb ; and though the God above  
 Will exact for sin its utmost payment,  
 Nought can ever paralyze Infinite love,

Or Divine forgiveness for repentance :  
 Mercy's tender billows aye unbroken roll."  
 Thus he preaches,—and each pregnant sentence  
 Like sweet balmy music sinks into her soul.

Fly the fears that used to pain and jar her,  
 Against which her stricken senses could not cope,  
 And like fountains in some scorched Sahara,  
 Beam the Godlike teachings of Eternal Hope !

\* \* \* \* \*

We're Thy handiwork ; of reason dimmer  
 When compared with thy illimitable ray,  
 Than the tiny glowworm's misty glimmer,  
 To the glorious splendour of the orb of day ;

Still Thou art Love, in that love we nestle,  
 Flutt'ring birds within the hand from which they feed,  
 And Oh ! Saviour, give us strength to wrestle  
 'Gainst the ruthless dogmas that deform our creed.

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### A SECLUDED SPOT.

BY F. H. SMITH.

THERE is a quiet spot I saw but once,  
 And yet I visit it at memory's will—  
 'Twas very beautiful, and even now,  
 The colours have not dimmed ; the flowers  
 Are still as sweet as when I breathed their scents,  
 And all comes back to me with softened touch.  
 Beside a sparkling stream, whose tiny waves  
 Shoot back their crystals to heaven's brightest gem,

There lies a rural village. Beautiful  
 In form, and mellowed by the hand of Time,  
 'Tis dear to painters' brush and poets' pen.  
 Shading on either side this charming nook  
 Rise sable woods, whose pines wave gracefully  
 Their topmost crests to heaven. The gentle breeze,  
 With softest sighing stirs the dusky boughs,  
 And shows through many a gap the sky more blue.  
 On giddy perch the falcon waits expectant,  
 Or above with ever lessening circles  
 Nears its fated prey. Beneath, the songster  
 Heedless of impending doom in joyful lay  
 Sings now perchance its last and sweetest song ;  
 While making most of sun and summer skies  
 The squirrel joyful leap from branch to branch.  
 Such was the fairy spot, and when I bade farewell  
 Once and for ever to its peaceful rest,  
 And watched from mountain path the vale beneath  
 Peeping through long arcades of vista'd pines,  
 Its lovely pictures hung around my heart,  
 A living gallery of nature's works.

## REVIEWS.

"POEMS," by Joseph Sykes, (Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.)—How is it that volumes of modern verse, seldom command an extensive sale? This query has often been put to us; but the answer, we believe, would be easily discovered by the propounders themselves were they to spend a few hours in the perusal of such works as the collection of poems before us, in which plot, idea, and expression are all "spun out" to such a length as to make a close reading tedious in the extreme.

Present day versifiers who are seekers after laurels, commit a fatal mistake in making this, so to speak, inelegant elasticity the means of favouring the public with a thick volume of verse. Let an aspirant only make his maiden appeal with poetry "little and good," instead of a fulsome mixture of true and counterfeit, and he would be well-nigh sure of a hearing.

Mr. Sykes may have, nay *has* poetical talent, but he could scarcely expect to build up a fabric of reputation with such badly wrought stones as the following :—

“ Next day I met her on the public stair  
Of the Hotel ; she had a frightened air ;  
Her eyes were red when all the world seemed gay,—  
It was indeed a lovely Southern day ” etc., etc.

Why, we ask, should a poet who has really given further on some very good lyrical specimens, have recourse, for the filling up of his pages, to such miserable lines as these ?

The happiest effort of the author's pen is decidedly that entitled “ On the Separation of Mr. and Mrs.— ” Here there are no unnecessary stanzas, no fulsome expedients of expression to mar the poetical beauty of the whole. Unfortunately space only allows us to extract a single verse :—

“ And yet 'twas pitiful, each heart,  
That once in fullest union seemed,  
Is now condemned to dwell apart,  
Forgetting all that once it dreamed  
Of gentle look, or pleasant chat,  
And kisses to be marvelled at.”

“ THE NUNS OF MINSK,” by Robert Blake, (Remington & Co., Arundel Street, Strand.)—A drama in three Acts. There is considerable poetical power and pathos displayed in the working out of the plot which is based on Russian atrocities in Poland. Scene 1. opens in the Convent at Minsk, when we are introduced without any unnecessary preamble to the heroine, a young girl whose child-like simplicity and innocence at once enlist our sympathies : she is in love, as, of course, all heroines are, and is making confession to her mother and sisters. We cannot unravel the thread of the story for the benefit of the curious—suffice it to say that there is no lack of exciting incident and no want of expressive language, while the closing scene in which the villain of the piece is stricken by God's lightning at the moment when he is about to add the finishing touch to his course of inhumanity, evidences the author's power in dramatic *finale*. It would be unfair, we think, to dismember any of the scenes for the purpose



of quotation ; but from one of the many beautiful choruses which are scattered throughout, we extract the following stanzas :—

“ Night falls, and one by one from her dark womb  
The stars are born, like flowers upon a tomb,  
Day dies, and e'en the golden west grows pale,  
Like one on whose aged cheek youth's flushes fail.  
Slow on the world, calm through the trembling air  
Dawns the round moon, like hope upon despair.  
Hope cheers by memories of bygone days,  
And she reflects the sun's departed rays.  
Oh ! thus when death shines on our dismal way,  
We will pass one by one from this decay ;  
Will shake from our free souls this earthly pall,  
And mingle with the eternal soul of all ! ”

“ ZELLA and other poems,” by C. P. Craig (Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.)—Zella is a narrative poem, the versification of which flows smoothly and orderly enough, although neither the plot nor the thoughts which the author has striven to express can be considered brilliant. For instance the couplet

“ We move like sleepers in a dream  
Where things are not, but only seem.”

cannot be said to embody an original notion. Still as a whole the poem is prettily conceived and simply arranged, and will, no doubt, suit the tastes of a large class of readers. The miscellaneous pieces, which by the way occupy the largest half of the volume, are religious in tone for the most part. We were particularly interested in the perusal of one written in the Scotch dialect and entitled “ The Flowers o' the May.” It is a recital of an ill-fated elopement, the fair young bride being claimed by Death before the union of the lovers' hearts and hands, the spirit of the fair maiden appears to the assembled family in her “ Mountain home ” shortly after the catastrophe to convince them of her unsullied chastity :—

“ In fairest robes o' silken sheen  
The lady she was drest,  
And rarely wrought, a cross of blue  
Shone on her snowy breast :

Her hair was deck'd wi' roses gay,  
 Her gown wi' many a flower,  
 That neither grew in lowland shaw  
 Nor yet in Highland bower.  
 "I am no light leman," she said,  
 "But a wedded bride so true,  
 "And I canna rest wi' my bridegroom  
 "For the love I bear to you."

"LIFE AND POEMS OF JOSEPH GWYER" (Robinson, Cowcross Street)—The Auto-biography of Joseph Gwyer will not be found to contain much of interest to the reading and thinking Public; neither are his poems, with one or two exceptions, worthy of their framing. There is a mixture of religion, egotism and the comical throughout, the two last qualities ill-according with the introduction of the first. However, Mr. Gwyer informs us on his title page (and at intervals repeats the information on other pages of his work) that his vocation is that of a "*potatoe-salesman*." For not being ashamed of his calling he certainly deserves praise—but we fear this is the only laurel we can hold out to him.

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